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MOSE SKINNER'S

GRAND

WORLD'S JUBILEE

4509A.457

AND

Humstrum Convulsion.

ILLUSTRATED.

BOSTON:
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To which all may have access *free*:
Another is the "*State House Dome*,"
Where we may gaze on many a home;
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And "*Faneuil Hall*" we love to see,
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Corner of Beach and Washington Street.

1872

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GREAT

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BOSTON:
PRINTED BY WARREN RICHARDSON,
No. 112 Washington Street.
1872.

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PREFACE.

Music is a Divine art, but the shining lights in the musical world are not appreciated. The man who can successfully wrestle with a trombone, must be inspired; and he who by close study and unremitting self-denial obtains the mastery of that noble instrument, the hand organ, should be cherished as a genius. There are plenty of good and honest men in the community to-day, and men of talent, but how few, alas! would make good bass drummers. And the artist who can draw tears from our eyes with that affecting combination, the bag-pipe, is fast becoming no more.

What then can be said for a man who is capable of transforming the whole civilized globe into a music box for three weeks? Who can sit astride the equator, and use the longitudinal and latitudinal lines for strings to a gigantic humstrum; the North Pole for a fiddle-bow, and the Sun for a calcium light? Nothing short of a statue on the dome of the State-house, and a checkered vest and bosom pin for his third bridal tour, will satisfy him, for his name will be handed down, and his wax figure exhibited, not only to Posterity, but to all those who may come after Posterity has passed away. Adieu. My wife wants the table to iron on.

M. S.

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Center
April 13, 1932
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MOSE SKINNER'S

GREAT HUMSTRUM CONVULSION.

IT is plain to every thoughtful person, that, in order to continue in our present state of peace and prosperity, we must have another Peace Jubilee. Not a puny, commonplace affair, like the Jubilee of 1869, but a regular screamer, an apoplectic, swelled-up sort of thing, that will stir up and worry every human being on the habitable globe, and make the whole groundwork of our civilization palpitate and quiver with stupendous convulsions, and cause three or four hemispheres to jump, and kick up, and break down, with music, and emotion, and pathos, and jews-harps, and humstrums, and bass fiddles, and all those things that go to soothe the savage stomach. — Something to which the other Jubilee will be as a maiden's sigh compared to a tidal wave, or as a little infant's lullaby to a red-hot woman's rights lecture.

My other Jubilee was such an overwhelming success — the blessings of widows and orphans whom I made happy by that sacrifice yet ringing in my ears, the smallness of my bank account, my patriotism, and, in fact, every high and

noble aspiration in my nature, prompts me to try this thing again. Actuated by these noble impulses, I have made a tour to London, Paris, Germany, and other foreign climes, to request assistance and co-operation from the crowned heads, and to borrow any country bands, hand-organs, street singers, tambourine girls, and, in fact, almost anything in that line that they hadn't got any use for, to assist in my Great World's Jubilee.

I met with glorious success. The great enterprise had been foreshadowed in the *Cape Cod Gazette*, *Skowhegan Clarion*, and other leading papers of this country, and I found all Europe in a perfect fever of excitement to get a glimpse of me, and hear my plans. My photographs were being hawked about the streets, the late Derby racer had been named after me, and there were Skinner hats, with Skinner rosettes on 'em, and Skinner collars, and Skinner cravats, and Skinner buns, for sale at every street corner. On my arrival at Liverpool the docks were literally thronged with human beings, every one of whom had some musical instrument, and no two alike. As soon as they saw me they all began to play as loud as they could. I don't exactly remember what tune they played. In fact, I could'nt quite catch the air, but I know it was something nice, and that lots of folks cried.

Leaving Liverpool, I immediately proceeded to London, and went directly to the residence of Lord Montague, to lay my plans before him, and solicit the use of a band. Unfortunately he was'n't at home, but I saw his footman, John, and had a long talk with him. John was so impressed with the magnitude of the undertaking that he swooned entirely away. As soon as he came to his senses he entered into the spirit of the thing, and said there was no doubt that

Montague would get me a band, which was certainly encouraging.

I then went to the residence of Duke John Fitz-Eustace, acting assistant drum-major in her majesty's service. He received me very cordially, entered into my enterprise with the utmost enthusiasm, and at the close of a half-hour's interview requested me to call the next day. I did so. He said my plans, official documents, etc., had been forwarded to Count Lammyfitte, and the Count had sent back word that he might grant any band for the World's Jubilee that he had'nt got any use for at home. He congratulated me on my success, and proceeded: "I have selected for the Jubilee the famous band known as the 'Fusileer Veterans.'

It was originally a good band, but they served in the Crimea, and were never a healthy band afterwards. In fact they were a little cut up; rather crippled and maimed. There are nine members left, but as a band they do not aggregate over thirteen legs, fifteen arms, and a matter of perhaps eleven eyes. But they play beautifully."

I was extremely gratified at my success, and have positive proof that they will come, as I hold an official letter from Sir Lionel Digby.

Mr. Skinner: My Dear Sir,—With reference to your request for a military band to participate in the Great International Jubilee of 1872, I would say that the band which formerly served in the Crimea, known as the "Fusileer Veterans," is at your service. The band is now quar-

tered at St. Elmo Barracks. The small-pox has lately broken out in those barracks and carried off some of that band. I don't know how many. If you choose to go to the expense of vaccinating those that are left, they are at your disposal forever and ever.

(Signed) Sir Lionel Digby, Bart.
Per Smithers.

This is certainly a most fortunate acquisition, and I expressed my thanks with the deepest sincerity. The great mass of English people were full of enthusiasm and sympathy. The universal opinion seemed to be that this Jubilee would do much to cement the bonds of friendship which have always existed between the two countries. [That expression ain't new,—it has been used by every stump-speaker and country schoolmaster for more than 50 years.]

I then went to Belgium, and called on Mr. Lopez, Minister Extraordinary, and I am confident he would have given me great encouragement if he had been at home, but he was n't. I saw his groom William, though. William was much pleased with my appearance, and offered to let me ride a vicious horse he was trying to break.—He took my address, and said he had no doubt he could prevail upon Mr Lopez to send me a band, and added that he did n't see any reason why this Jubilee should n't go far towards cementing the bonds of friendship that have always existed between the two countries.

I was treated with the greatest respect and courtesy by all these great and influential men.

From Belgium I went to Prussia, and called on Bismarck.

The comprehensive mind of that great statesman would have instantly grasped my giant scheme, and entered into it fully, if he'd been at home. He did n't happen to be in just then, though, but I saw his cook, Katrina. Katrina is a good girl, and she said she had no doubt that Bismarck would insist on sending two bands, at least. She also said that Bismarck was passionately fond of music, and that he and Kaiser William, when they had company, always sung a little sparkling duet entitled:

"Kaiser, don't you want to buy a dog?
He'll make good sausage meat;
He's as light as a fairy, and is n't very hairy,
And his mother only had three feet."

She also introduced me to a particular friend of hers, Oofty Wfkztuvlypheil, who is the greatest bass drummer in the world. He promised to compose some fine music for the Jubilee, and said that anybody could see with half an eye that a thing of this kind would do much to cement the bonds of friendship that have always existed between the two nations.

From thence I proceeded to Italy, and secured four hundred of the best hand-organs I could find, with the most talented composers and artists of the Old World to accompany them, together with a corps of monkeys of experience and ability.

There was some doubt as to the success of the enterprise. They seemed to think there was some sell about it, but I assured them that my other Jubilee was a great success, convinced them of the high character of my wife's relations, who are to share the profits with me, and of the widows and orphans who are not; and the general desire of the Boston people that the Jubilee should be a success, espe-

cially the hotel-keepers, railroad corporations, and the musical people generally; and I exhibited subscriptions from these parties, to show them how disinterested and public spirited we all are over here.

THE ENTHUSIASM.

It's astonishing how the American public are taking hold of this thing. There never was such an uprising in the world. Lots of folks can't sleep nights, they are so worked up about it; and every family in New England has got my tintype hung up in their spare bedroom, and I am receiving tons of letters daily from choral societies, and country choirs, and sewing-circles, and bell-ringers, and pickpockets, and prize candy men, etc., etc., asking for particulars.

THE COLISEUM.

My first intention with regard to a Coliseum was to fence in the horizon with corrugated iron, but I was informed by eminent physicians that fencing so many people in so small a circle, would make the ventilation very bad. I intended to have the back door open in Canton, Mass., the piazza overlook Boston Harbor, and a bay window in Lynn, even if I had to crowd the horizon back to do it. In that case I should use Faneuil Hall for an umbrella rack; the crooked part of Cornhill for a boot-jack; the Reservoir for a shaving mug; widen Washington Street to Bath, Maine, and use the State House for a spitoon.

CHANGE OF PLANS.

But I finally concluded to haul in my horns. So I reduced the towering size of this noble structure by cutting off two towers, and brought it down by clipping off two

wings. But what there is left is no fool of a Coliseum. It is so large now that it can be seen by inmates of the Blind Asylum; and all the horse cars, all the hacks, all the steam cars, all the small-pox ambulances, and the Black Maria, will be passing by some part of it all the time.

Two-thirds of the interior will be divided off into a

Clam Chowder and Refreshment Room.

The bill of fare will be sumptuous and varied, consisting of pheasants' tongues, live sausages with the fur on, uncured ham, sardines ripened in the shade, cotton-wool sandwiches, sunfish dumplings, &c., &c.

THE CONCERT ROOM.

This is where I have laid myself out, and made my creditors feel shaky. The ceiling will be elegantly frescoed by some old masters, and hung with gorgeous drapery, in a variety of exquisite designs, with bouquets of rare flowers all through the auditorium, and fountains of cologne water squirting all round, and velvet carpets and gorgeous tapestry, and diamonds and pearls kicking all over the floor, which will be inlaid with amethyst and mother-in-law of pearl. Every now and then there will be a marble table containing a platter of solid gold, filled with greenbacks, for people to help themselves to; and during the intermissions the audience will play ball, and pelt each other playfully, with nuggets of solid gold. The roof will be supported by pillars of gold, high studded with diamonds. The contractors will be supported by their wives forever after.

All the female singers will have pink bows and blonde wigs, and the country choirs will have false teeth and smelling bottles. The male singers will have bosom pins as big

as banjos, in their shirt front, and garden sauce in their button holes, or perhaps disguised in a clean shirt.

THE ORGAN

will be the biggest ever discovered. I shall probably have to move it to the grounds first, and build the Coliseum round it. It will take one hundred experienced grinders to worry the music out of it. In order to bring out the sound fully, some of the notes will have to be set down on very earnestly by fat men, and several large elephants have been engaged, to walk over the bass notes. When it is in full blast, Queen Victoria can sit on her back door-step and hear it distinctly, through a pair of green goggles. Reserved seats in Central Park will be for sale at reasonable rates. The organ will be profusely decorated with bouquets and garden sauce, by an experienced undertaker, and after the Jubilee it will be embalmed and exhibited throughout the country.

THE FOREIGN BANDS

will also be a great attraction. In addition to the "Fusileer Veteran Band from England," there will probably be a Contra Band, led by the renowned Doosenbury, the greatest humstrum composer in the Old World. This band will come over in eight pieces. Then there will be Daniel Lambert's great Wrist Band, the largest in the world. This band will come over whole in two ships. There will also

undoubtedly be present the famous Gideon's Band, led by Gideon himself. Gid. is a self-made man. Twenty years ago he was an assistant bass drummer. He is now one of the best conductors in the world. I shall also have Band Anna and Band Joe.

THE BIG BASS DRUM

is really a musical curiosity. It is made from the hide of the largest whale in the Pacific Ocean, he having kindly volunteered.— When I spoke to him about my Jubilee, he was so overcome by its great magnitude, that, though a foreigner, he immediately stopped spouting and began to blubber, saying that he was anxious to be skinned for such an angelic enterprise. In fact he is the Prince of Whales.

Upon one head of this gigantic bass drum will be painted the motto, "Can anything be baser?" and the immortal words of Grant, at the last Jubilee, "Oh, I like them cannon best." The sides will be composed of thirty-eight sections. On thirty of these will be pictures of the coat-of-arms of the different States. On the other eight will be pictures of coats without arms. The whole will be covered with beautiful allegorical paintings, such as Samson choking a hand-organ man; the proprietor of a cheap boarding house mangling a man who practiced on a violin, so much that the boarders

kept leaving, etc., etc. This drum will be played by steam, at about forty horse and a mule power, using the great elm for a drumstick.

I have also secured at an enormous expense, another great attraction,—nothing less than a chorus of

MUSICAL CLAMS.

FLORA.

These clams were first discovered on the banks of the Nile. It is very difficult to capture them, they are so shy. An experienced sportsman will never fire at a flock of these clams, but he will creep upon them cautiously, taking his boots off, and holding his dogs back, and all that sort of thing. Among the troupe is the celebrated clam Flora. This clam is only eleven months old, but she stands on her hind legs, makes a bow, whistles a tune, etc., etc. This Child Wonder is alone worth the price of a season ticket. Her grandmother was the most talented clam in the world. She acted in a tableau when only two months old.

OTHER NOVELTIES.

A trombone, the size of the Hoosac Tunnel, will discourse national airs on the Common, day and night, during the Jubilee.

In addition to singing a duet with Kaiser William, Bismarck will probably help stir up the pans of red fire, and appear in the Transformation scene in short clothes.

If the Prince of Wales can leave his last pair of twins, he will assist in blowing the organ, and act as powder-monkey by carrying the electricity to the cannoniers.

A choral society belonging to India's choral strand will join in the chorus, and another from the Coral Islands.

All the wooden Indians in front of the cigar stores will have a war dance, and conclude with scalping all the statues in the Public Garden. After which they will be chawed up by Buffalo Bill.

The ladies and gentlemen at the foot of the Brewer fountain will take laughing gas and dance a cotillon.

The statue of Daniel Webster will deliver a Woman's Rights speech, and play a solo on the horn of a dilemma.

Betsey Von Moltke, an Italian Snake Charmer, will charm all the stuffed snakes in the Museum.

Horace Greeley will deliver an essay on the "Efficacy of Vaccination in cases of Potato Rot."

George Washington's body servant will be present, with the lie that little George could n't tell, preserved in a bottle of alcohol.

I shall also have, as a new and interesting feature, a

GRAND SPINSTER CHORUS AND LEAP-YEAR POWWOW,

by five hundred old maids. It is designed to introduce into this chorus mostly sentimental ballads, such as, "Why does my little heart flutter?" and the pensive melody "Oh come and be my sweetest love."

It is also proposed to introduce into this chorus seventy-five eligible bachelors. The effect of five hundred ancient spinsters making a raid on seventy-five defenceless male orphans, cannot fail to be awe-inspiring.

To promote good feeling between all nations, the Star

Spangled Banner will be cut up into dishcloths. The British Lion will give up business on his own hook, and retire to a private menagerie near the Coliseum, where he will be fed on Alabama cla(i)ms and secretary fish. And the performers will have their hair scented up with genuine bear's oil, taken from two cubs belonging to the Russian Bear, the cubs being slaughtered by Alexis for the purpose.

THE GUARANTY FUND.

The next thing was to get my backers. There are four persons interested in the profits of this thing besides myself, so I went right to them. First, comes my wife's brother, who keeps table-boarders. Of course the Jubilee would give him a chance to worry abdomens at thirty cents each, so he gave me twenty-five dollars towards it, and immediately bought a large hash machine with a crank to it. The next man I went to was my first wife's cousin, who is a railroad director. He said the Jubilee would be a good thing for railroads. So he gave me twenty-five dollars, and ordered ten new cattle cars, for the accommodation of the chorus. I next called on my Uncle William, who keeps a circulating library and writes ballads. He saw at once that if the Jubilee came off he could sell a ton or two of ballads, so he gave me twenty-five dollars, and went right to work perpetrating a couple of fresh ballads, entitled, "Make me a Dolly Varden from the old chintz bed-quilt;" and "O City Council, spare them are trees!"

I next called on a corn doctor. He was shrewd enough to see at a glance, that this Jubilee would draw together a great crowd, and in that crowd large numbers of corns would get stepped on, and walked over, and have to be operated on, and so he put down twenty-five dollars. Then

Stepping on Corns.

I got ten dollars from a prize candy man, fifty dollars from a pop-corn man, and fifteen dollars each from two undertakers.

Then all these public spirited citizens clubbed together and got my life insured for a hundred and ninety dollars. If the Jubilee pays, they will get their money back, of course. If it don't pay, they quietly assassinate me, and make themselves whole out of the insurance money.

In order that the public may realize what tremendous enthusiasm there is about this Jubilee, I append two specimen letters, out of 1126 received.

Topeka, April 5th, 1872.

Mr. Skinner:—My Dearest Sir. Don't you want an artless, bewitching forty-two year old spinster, to warble at your great Jubilee? I lead the singing in our church, and folks do say that for real gushing melody, my voice laps over the gentle robin, the unassuming thrush, or the guileless crow. My voice has got seventeen octaves, and I've got two attachments. When I throw my head back and inflate myself, I go through our congregation like a tidal wave; and when I trill, the vibrations of my voice are so powerful that I shake all the doors and windows, and dust the pulpit cushions. If you'll give me the full swing of your heftiest oratorio, I will let down my back hair, loosen my corset strings, and wade through it in a style that'll make them foreign counts look sick. I can *handle* any Haydn society you can trot out.

My Picture.

Clara Nett.

Beanville Creek, Mc., April 4th, 1872.

Mr. Skinner — Sir: Our famurly are daily expecting a special request from you to sing at your great Jubilee. We all think it is the sublimest idea ever conceived into the brane of man, and you, sir, deserve to be immoralized. Our famurly is very talinted. My son plays the base vile in the orthidox kwire and practices on a flute evenings, and my daughter Jane has also got intellect. She's only nineteen but she's giv' the mitten to three fellers already, and what she don't know about an accordeon ain't wuth knowin. She weighs two hundred and eleven pounds, without any fixins or upholsterin. She's jest what you want, sir, for that are transformation scene. There's enough of her to make a whole tablow. A Jubilee of Peace! O how sweet and luvly that are sounds, Mr. Skinner. It makes me blubber when I think of the great and holy magnitood of your immense enterprise, and my wife and daughter Jane mingle their tears with mine, likewise my wife's cousin who is taking her meals here till her husband returns from Californy when they will prob'ly go to housekeepin' with a bran new chamber set and four stuffed chairs in the parlor. Bless you, Mr. Skinner, bless you, for you're a dove and an olive branch.

Yours Respectful, JOTHAM SNAGGS.

P.S. We have just got your letter, saying you can dispense with our services. Land sakes alive! You need n't have wasted your breath writing it, for I told Pa long ago that I would n't stoop to condescend to sing at your vulgar Peace Jubilee. It aint got anything to do with Peace, any how, that's played out. Everybody down this way thinks your Jubilee is low, and as for you, you're a pure eighteen carrot fraud, and a pimple on the face of nature. You are probably not aware that my Uncle John is a carpenter. Well he is, and we're just going to work and build a Coliseum that'll knock yourn end over end, and then we'll start an opposition Jubilee. I rather guess *that'll* make you feel sick.

JANE SNAGGS.

GRAND PROGRAMME.

On the morning of the first day, at precisely nine o'clock, the projector of this great enterprise will climb Bunker Hill monument, and standing on one leg, will perform a grand bugle-call with a tin fish horn. As the last echoes die away in the distance, four first-class thunder showers will rise majestically from the North, South, East and West, and meet in the centre of the heavens, where at a given cue they will belch, regardless of expense. The cue will be given by a Chinaman.

After which, all the Grand Chorus of two million voices, all the Grand Orchestra of one million performers, all the foreign Bands, all the Artillerymen, all the Boston Firemen, and all the Auxiliaries, will be vaccinated.

To be followed by a

GRAND HYMN OF PEACE,

composed by four boss Poets, expressly for the World's Jubilee.

Poets chant thy lays,
O Peace!
Shed abroad thy heavenly rays,
O Peace, Peace!!
And we'll get up Jubilays
All our days,
Or as long as it pays,
O Peace!

This sublime chant will be performed by eleven bass drums and a jewsharp.

GRAND SOLO,

"Come, ye disconsolate husbands," by Victoria Woodhull.

FEMALE SUFFRAGE CHANT.

"The conquering Shero comes,"

By a select choir of Ballot-Women, or Pantaloonatics, who think that man is a failure.

QUARTETTE.

"If ever I Cease to Love,"

By four antique maidens who never sat up with a male party.

The Grand Chorus of five hundred thousand bass voices, will then be massed on the following

NATIONAL HYMN,

composed by a leading musician, during a bilious attack, to the tune of "Auld Lang Syne."

Mr. Washington had a cherry-tree,
And George, he had a hatchet,
And when George went for that are tree,
He knowed as how he'd catch it.
So he owned up, did this G. W.,
"Dear Pa, I cannot lie."
The old man said, "You little trouble, you!
I'll know the reason why."

Then he went for his youthful offspring,
And knocked him into pi;
He said he wa n't worth bringin' up,
Ef he could n't tell a lie.

THE SUBLIME ANTHEM

"Tommy Dodd,"

will be performed by all the Grand Chorus and Orchestra. The whole world will rise and join in the chorus, assisted by the following auxiliaries.

Firing of cannon (per Atlantic Cable), in Japan, Dead Sea, Skowhegan, Catacombs of Egypt, and Chelsea.

All the infants on the civilized globe will be spanked by electricity.

Eruption of all the volcanoes in the World, led by Vesuvius in person, who has kindly volunteered.

A nimble earthquake will be born in San Francisco, and will immediately get up and dust this planet, attending strictly to business.

All the forts in Boston Harbor, the Chestnut Hill Reservoir, Deer Island, and the Old Ladies' Home, will be blown up with gunpowder; and all the married men in New England will be blown up by their mother-in-law's.

A tidal wave will rush over the Atlantic coast like a Pacific Railroad snow plough, and seventeen freshets will sweep the back districts cleaner than a two shilling corn broom with a red handle.

In addition to the roaring of Niagara Falls, the roaring of four tornadoes, the roaring of disappointed office-seekers,

seventeen howling menageries, a howling wilderness, and the howling of Tammany Ring.

Whistling of all the steam engines in the world, whistling of several East India hurricanes, and the whistling of all the schoolboys in the United States, accompanied by devils' fiddles.

Blowing of all the fog horns, dinner horns and fish horns in the world, besides Cape Horn, the Horn of Plenty, and two horns of whiskey. The crowing of roosters; the gossip of sewing circles, yelling of charcoal peddlers, fish ball waiters and bootblacks, the gibbering of idiots, screeching of owls, squealing of five thousand hungry pigs, speech by G. F. Train, yelping of enraged sausages, and a

GRAND DELIRIUM-TREMENS CHORUS AND JIM JAM JUBILEE,

by five hundred rum drinkers, amid pans of red fire, demons, and green footlights, with grand orchestral accompaniment of ten thousand trombones, six thousand bagpipes, the big organ and bass drum, and four thousand double distilled magnified pedal attachment hand organs, with red hot pokers applied to the monkeys by Boston Firemen.

This immense chorus will be kept up for two weeks, when it will conclude with a Grand Transformation scene from the Black Crook; after which, all the country choirs will pack up their reticules and false teeth, all the Grand Orchestras, and Foreign Bands will rush for the nearest lager beer saloon, all the artillerymen and firemen will indulge in a free fight, and the Coliseum, the Fusileer Veteran Band, and the Spinster chorus will be put up at lottery, after which the profits of the whole scrape will be divided up, and dedicated to myself and a few relations.

NOTES.

The grand reception room prepared for the use of President Grant, will contain an easy chair, a Police Gazette, two boxes of cigars and a spitoon.

Reporters will not be admitted, as the reports of the cannon will cover the whole ground.

WANTED.—Two hundred old fogies with high foreheads and white vests, to sit on the platform and impart dignity to the occasion.

P. S.—*Very important!* A private telegram just received, states that the Bungtown Warblers have just met in the red school-house for their third rehearsal. Groups of people are gathered on the street corners, discussing the exciting affair.

Later! Two men and a boy have just applied for admission into the Byetown Caterwaulers. They now number eleven, including a bass viol. The wildest excitement prevails.

Still later!! The Podunk Belchers have just received their music. Business is entirely suspended, and the community is thoroughly alive to the work.

P. S. No. 2. *Tremendously Important!!!* I have just received news that the Coliseum has been blown down! The fact is, the clerk of the weather is mad because I won't let his mother-in-law sing at the Jubilee, and he takes this way to revenge himself. I don't care a continental. I've hired a small shed close by, and I'll hold that Jubilee, if I sink every greenback in the Skinner family, and mortgage my first wife's feather bed!

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PARTIKLAR NOTIS!

"I SAY, YOU:

If a feller gets Cut, or Burns hisself, or has a Bile, or any other darned Sore, jest let him buy a box of REDDING'S RUSSIA SALVE. That 'll cure him."

A Stiffikit from old 'Bije Hacmetack.

MISTER REDDING,—That ar Russia Salve you make is a puty good thing. I've gin it a tolerable sarching trial, and I kalkilate there aint nothing in the healing line that kin ekel it, you bet. My Sally used to be dreadfully troubled with Chilblains, but sence she tried your Salve, her feet haint worried her a bit. My old woman would sooner be without pork than not hav RUSSIA SALVE in her kupburd. She says doctors aint no 'count side a box of your Salve. Them's my sentiments. But what I rit you this stifficate for is about my youngest boy Bijah. You see, he's jest like all boys, skyroysterin round, into evry darned thing that kums in his way, when one day—I reckon he won't forget it for a spell—he went and sot down in a tub full of biling water by mistake. Jerusalem! you never did hear such a yell as that ar boy set up. It warnt harf a sekond fore he histed himself out of that tub, you bet. Widow Slopper, a neighbor of ourn, heered the burnt critter yell, and in she burst. "Massy sakes! what on airth 's the matter?" She soon found out. "Get the RUSSIA SALVE—tear off his trowsers—stop your yelling—get the flour box and we'll kiver it all over first—then put on RUSSIA SALVE." * * * She's an awful spry woman is Widow Slopper. Well, Mister Redding, not to take up tu much of your valuble time, jest as soon as Russia Salve cum into collisyun with his allfired sore bottom, he hawhawed right out. "O that's bully! It don't smart a bit. Hooray!" You don't know how tickled the little cuss was. Well, it warnt more 'n a week afore he was well as ever—which was all owin' to RUSSIA SALVE.

P. S.—I wish you'd send me your fotygraff. Our minister warnts to put it along a lot of other bennyfactors he's gut.

Yours to command, BIJE HACMETACK,
Sarjunt in Co. K, 16 *Indianys*, *Suckerville Creek*, *Indiany*.

The 'Pothecaries, the Druggists, the Grocers,—all sell Redding's RUSSIA SALVE, and praise it.

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